

TEAYO LONG LOST CITY FOUND

Ruins of an Ancient Mex- ican People Discovered

ICHUATAN, Mexico, Sept. 10.—The discovery of the ruins of the ancient Otomite capital of Teayo, in the State of Vera Cruz, a month ago, is regarded by archeologists as an event of the first importance. The site of the city has been sought for three hundred years, and expedition after expedition had been sent into the table lands of Vera Cruz for the purpose of locating it, but without success.

Yet, strange as it may seem, Teayo has never been without inhabitants. The Otomite Indians have never abandoned the seat of power of their ancestors, but their savage character has heretofore kept explorers from penetrating to their capital.

Teayo was found unexpectedly. The discovery was made by a party of American engineers sent out to prospect for minerals. A friendly Otomite guide was enabled to take them to Teayo by representing them to be enemies of the Mexicans, which is a passport to the favor of the Otomite Indians.

For fourteen days they travelled through mountains almost unknown even to Mexicans, at times finding it necessary to use machetes to cut their way through the jungle. While the distance from Mexican centers was not great, the obstacles to travel made the journey one of many hardships.

There were dangers from wild beasts to guard against, as the region abounds with tigers, lions and large serpents, such as the *Crotalus* and *Agkistrodon*, which the natives gravely esteem attains a length of thirty feet and a girth of one foot, and besides having the power to kill by constriction, is more venomous than the rattlesnake.

This party of Americans were the first representatives of modern civilization to enter the Otomite city of mystery. Those who composed the party were George Lowell Roberts, mining engineer; Herbert Gray, assayer; F. L. Von Roncan, coal expert; and Lawrence MacGregor, interpreter.

The most interesting of the ruins as yet encountered is the sacrificial tower, a pyramidal structure of quadrangular form, which rises to a height of sixty-five feet above the ground. The substructure extends forty feet below the soil.

According to tradition the structure in the days of Otomite civilization rose much higher, terminating in a point at the top. If tradition is right, the original extreme altitude was approximately 200 feet, making it the most elevated structure of its kind built in Mexico.

There is no doubt that it was considerably more than 100 feet above the ground at one time, as is indicated by the great quantity of stones scattered about the country in its vicinity and evidently detached from it. At the level of the ground the north and south sides have a width of 65 feet and the east and west sides, 75 feet. The width of the stairs on the east side is 50 feet at the ground and 25 feet at the summit.

The ancient Otomites, according to tradition, constructed a vast system of underground thoroughfares, abodes and vaults. The subterranean works have been compared with the catacombs in magnitude and the Cretan labyrinth in intricacy.

The tower was said to be the key to the system. Underground chambers with sculptured figures of human figures, some of the corridors have been filled with skeletons of victims of religious rites, of criminals, of Aztecs taken captive and executed, and of Spaniards and Mexicans sacrificed on the summit of the tower, by the Otomites of the last five hundred years.

If the traditions of the handful of savages who comprise the surviving remnant of the Otomite nation are true, the subterranean features of Teayo will prove of great interest. Thus, at a distance of seven miles from Ichuatan there is an opening in the side of a precipice which tradition says is the mouth of a tunnel that penetrates the seven miles of hills and mountains intervening between Teayo and the precipices and was constructed for the purpose of providing the Otomites, or at least the imperial family, with a means of escape from the capital in case of danger.

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clusion of their sacrificial ceremonies consisted in casting the bodies of the victims into the hole which penetrated the tower from top to bottom and connected with the subterranean passageways. A great part of this hole is still in perfect condition, and the proximity of its mouth to the sacrificial altar indicates what its purpose was. At the base of the hole attendants of the priests disposed of the remains of the sacrificed.

The sculptures show that the Otomites of antiquity pertained more nearly to the white race than to the Indian, or chocolate colored. The faces have features a great deal less Indian in type than those of statues found in the Maya ruins of Yucatan. All the figures show craniums rounded and full, indicating ample brain development.

While the foreheads do not manifest by height any very lofty thinking, by breadth, in conjunction with the width of the temples, they impress one with the quickness of perception and the slowness of judgment of the race. In shape the eyes resemble those of Caucasians more than of the Indians, in this particular differing radically from those of the Aztecs and relatively from those of the Mayas.

The cheekbones do not bulge prominently. It is, however, the nose which preclaims more than any other feature of the sculptured Otomite faces, the racial superiority of this people over contemporary Aztecs and Mayas.

The Otomite nose was straight, like that of the Romans, to the point, from which the nostrils, of little less than ordinary thickness, sloped upward slightly, but plainly. If the point had been brought forward and upward a little the nose would have been perfectly Roman.

The mouths of the ancient Otomites were smaller and better formed than those of the Aztecs and Mayas. It is only in the jaws, whose excessive development indicated a brute determination, which characterized the two other dominant races of Mexico, that any trait of inferiority is to be noted, and it is very much less remarkable than that evidenced by the rulers of Anahuac and Yucatan.

There are many reasons for believing that the Otomites were allied to the white race. Their descendants living to-day in Teayo are among the fairest of Mexican natives. The Yaquis and Mayas of the State of Sonora alone are of lighter complexion, and the Aztecs of Yucatan form no more than a link between the living Otomites and the Mexicans, being only a few shades lighter than the latter.

Otomites as dark as Mexicans are very exceptional, indeed. Moreover, it is almost certain that the Otomites of modern times have been losing their lightness of skin because of contact with neighboring Mexicans.

Modern Otomites have many commendable qualities. They are lovers of work, cultivating the land assiduously, working at wood and making many useful articles for the household and the person. Although there are less than 200 of them living in Teayo, they keep the place in better sanitary condition than most Mexican towns of 2,000 inhabitants.

On the other hand, they have for centuries carried on a savage warfare with the Mexicans, which has caused not only on account of their approaching extinction. They have been guilty of the worst atrocities.

In 1903 they swooped down upon towns at dead of night and murdered the inhabitants indiscriminately. Such was the terror which they inspired that the Mexicans abandoned many villages near their settlements.

Captives taken by Otomites to Teayo were tortured to death. They were burned, flayed and mutilated. No captives ever returned to tell the tale of their treatment.

The dwindling and disappearing Teayo which now has scarcely enough inhabitants to defend it against the Mexicans is bound to be the resort of the archeologists and ethnologists of Mexico to research the history of the Otomite people, a population of 500,000 in the days of its glory, being as large as the City of Mexico, it may yield up sculptures and other relics of the past in great numbers. The discovery of Teayo practically opens up a new world of speculation.

SHOW OF THE MEADOWS.
Miles of Rich Green With Acres of Wild Flowers Displayed There.

People who think of the Hackensack Meadows only as a noxious mosquito breeding swamp should make the trip across them at this season. They will find that they possess marvellous scenic beauty.

The meadow grass has grown to its full height and mowing has only begun, so that the waving fields of green extend for miles in all directions. The frequent rains of the summer have not only caused an unusually luxuriant growth, but by keeping the roads in hard condition have prevented the marring of the foreground by the sheet of gray dust which in the dry season covers the vegetation for 200 yards on each side of the main highway which runs from Jersey to Newark.

One of the beautiful features of the meadows when seen from any point of vantage is the maze of watercourses that intersect them. The Hackensack itself cuts through them like a shining band and innumerable creeks that glitter like silver between their green banks flow into it.

From the Hudson County Boulevard, which overlooks the meadows for nearly five miles, the panorama is a startlingly beautiful and impressive on a bright day.

Beyond the broad expanse of green lies the city of Newark on rising ground. The roofs and chimneys give a broken skyline, and the haze produced by the smoke of its thousands of houses and factories takes on warm purple hues in the declining sun.

Every mile of the road gives the picture a new aspect and each one seems more beautiful than the other. Even the network of railway lines becomes an artistic accessory, giving life and human interest to the scene.

But it is not only when viewed from a distance that the meadows are beautiful. At close range the great patches of wild flowers that are scattered through the grass produce delightful color effects. Hands of buttercups may be seen as big as a city lot and often an acre of thistles in mingled gray and violet shades. Hundreds of other blossoms, purple, pink, white and yellow, are scattered singly through the grass.

Hands of amateur botanists go out every day to the meadows in quest of flowers. The moth hunters, too, brave the mosquitoes in considerable numbers, and some of them say that for beauty and variety of the game that comes to their nets there is no place within fifty miles of New York equal to the Jersey meadows.

AFTER DEFEAT AT THE POLLS

HOW IT FEELS TO BE BEATEN FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

Cleveland Went Fishing, Hancock Resumed His Sleep, Butler Was Still Belligerent When Informed of the Result—Contrast of Blaine and Henry Clay.

The question has often been asked, How does it feel to make a contest for the Presidency and then miss it—sometimes by the slenderest of margins? Only one of the candidates now before the people can be elected in November; the others must be defeated. How will the vanquished accept their defeat?

In many instances our Presidents have tasted of both the bitter and the sweet of politics. They have known what it was to go down in defeat, and they have also experienced the emotion of victory. This was the case with John Quincy Adams, Martin Van Buren, Gen. Benjamin Harrison and Grover Cleveland.

These men seemed to accept both victory and defeat with philosophy. In other countries an unsuccessful dash for a throne is frequently followed by tragic consequences. Here it is accepted as a regular occurrence once in every four years.

It was Henry Clay who said that he would rather be right than President. His unsuccessful attempts to achieve his dearest ambition are known to every American.

After his defeat by Andrew Jackson he felt very bitter and did not attempt to conceal his feelings. From that day until the hour of his death, the possibility of reaching the Presidency at some time never entirely deserted him, and even after his defeat by Polk in 1844, he made a hard fight against Taylor in 1848—his last great political battle.

Those who follow the fortunes of Presidential candidates are sometimes consumed with greater energy and feeling than their chiefs. At the time that Jackson was chosen for the Presidency by Scott, who was then the sole representative of Missouri in the lower house of Congress, elected to cast his vote for John Quincy Adams. Senator Benton, who was a violent partisan of Old Hickory, denounced the act of Mr. Scott as a grave crime, and in the course of a letter said to the offender:

"For nine years we have been closely connected in our political course. At length the connection is dissolved, and dissolved under circumstances which must mean our everlasting separation. To-morrow is the day of your self-immolation. If you have an enemy, he may go and feed his eyes on the scene. Your former friend will shun the affecting spectacle."

Gen. Winfield Scott Hancock was one of the defeated Presidential candidates who accepted the result with great calmness. His wife reported that at 7 o'clock on the evening of the election he yielded to extreme weariness, after five months of hard campaigning, and went to bed, begging her not to disturb him, as the news of the result could wait till the next morning.

At daylight he awoke and, turning to his wife, asked for the news. She stooped herself up to the ordeal, and said, as quietly as possible:

"I has been a complete Waterloo for you."

"That is all right," he answered, "I can stand it."

And in another moment he was asleep again. The only disappointment he gave expression to was concerning the difference his defeat would make in the future to his friends. He attended the inauguration of his competitor, and, writing to a friend on the eve of his departure for the national capital, he said:

"Yes, I am going to Washington on the 31 of March for a few days. Gen. Sherman, my commanding officer, has asked me to be present. I have no right to any personal feeling in the matter. It is clearly my duty as a soldier to obey."

After some reference to other matters, he added:

"What I can do in Washington with dignity I will do. I do not expect to be in advance of, or follow, the triumphal car, either on foot or on horseback. I only expect to do my level best. I wonder how they did these things in Rome? When I return from Washington I can tell you how the American people do it under the new conditions."

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OLD MAN GREENHUT IS DISAPPOINTED.

But Like a Skilful General He Turns What Looked Like Defeat Into Victory.

Old man Greenhut came around from behind his bar with much more vigor and speed than might have been expected of a man of his size and apparent age. As he started, he spat in the palm of his right hand, and as he stepped he grasped a bungstarter that lay conveniently at hand.

Raising this bungstarter aloft as he ran around the end of the bar, he shook it in the air with a gesture which might have been construed as threatening, or might have been intended simply as a test of the weight and condition of the implement.

It can hardly be said that the half dozen men who had stood in his way as he moved toward the center of the room scattered at his approach. They were already scattering when he started, and though none of them moved with so much celerity as he did, none stood still long enough to bar his way.

Wholly uninterupted, therefore, he continued along toward the middle of the room, where a man stood with his back toward the bar, facing four other men, who were huddled together by the wall, casting eager glances toward the doors and windows, but making no motion toward them. In fact, they made no motion at all, but stood with their hands up in the air.

The man who stood in the middle of the room was a stranger in Arkansas City, but he had been there for three or four days, and the citizens had learned something about him. His name was Dave Harding, and he had a revolver in each hand.

He did not turn his head when he heard Greenhut approaching, but when the old man got within some ten feet of him, he threw his left hand up in the air, and reversing the position of the revolver in it, pointed the weapon directly over his own shoulder as he shouted:

"I kin shoot to'able straight back'ards with my left hand."

Old man Greenhut stopped as suddenly as he had started, and though he still shook the bungstarter, holding it aloft as before, he shook it with a different sort of motion. It almost seemed as if the shake betokened irresolution.

Before a moment, he stepped backward behind the bar and laid the bungstarter down. Then, crouching to a position from which he could drop into total disappearance with a minimum of effort, he exclaimed:

"You was makin' some sort of a remark a minute ago, Mr. Harding, but I reckon I didn't quite hear it right. Pears like there must be some misunderstanding."

"What if it was sayin'?"

"I said I'd been cheated over more'n \$200 at draw poker here last night, an' them four men got it. I wain't exactly heeled then, an' I didn't reckon on lettin' 'em get the drop on me. Now I've come back for it, an' I've got the drop on them."

"Pears like you was right about that last," said old man Greenhut, "but that other observation 'bout your bein' a to'able serious charge. Stands to reason 't Joe Bassett an' Jake Waterboat—"

"If that two hundred an' forty dollars ain't laid on this table right here inside o' half a minute, there'll be shootin' did," said the stranger. "An' I've got a knife in my boot, if there's anybody left 'round when them two guns is empty."

"Well," said old man Greenhut, with a sigh, "there ain't no use to argue with a reasonable man that has the drop. I'll put up the money, ruther 'n see the town disgraced by a shootin' scrape."

"Count it out, here, quick," said the stranger, and accordingly Greenhut went to the table and counted out twelve twenty dollar bills.

Putting his left hand pistol in his belt, the stranger picked up the money, and looking at it with a satisfied expression, he backed swiftly out of the saloon without a word and walked up the street.

Nothing was said for some minutes by the five men who remained, but their looks were eloquent. Greenhut had gone behind the bar again and picked up the bungstarter. Looking at it sorrowfully he poised it, shook it, struck a couple of gentle taps with it on the bar and laid it down with a sigh.

"There is great advantage about a bungstarter," he said, at length, "an' then again there's disadvantages. A man c'n reach further with it nor he can with a knife, 'thouten he throws knives, an' that ain't no good way, 'thouten he's been educated good 'n abundant in throwin' 'em. Then again 'tain't so all-fired sudden as a gun is."

"As a general thing, it's a big advantage to a man sometimes to be sudden if he be he's got to be into a fight. But, then, again, there is times when it's good for to have just a minute for reflection."

"If I was to have had a gun hand just now, when that yep I'm up the river was makin' a disturbance, an' if I was to have let fly at him with that, same as I was thinkin' o' doin' with the bungstarter, I'd had a gory 'orp on the table, with no more to come up, an' all the fuss an' bother an' expense of a inquest afterwards, to say nothin' of a subsequence to bury the corp. The bar receipts wouldn't 'a' covered the outlay, an' the trouble'd 'a' fell on me."

"Pears like two forty was a to'able good price 't pay for a little peace 'n' quiet in the house, but 'twain't no use to take things as in all. So, I reckon 'twain't altogether a unimpaired calamity 't I should 'a' paused just a moment to reflect, which I wouldn't 'a' been no ways likely to 'a' did I'd kep' a gun back here, 'stead of a bungstarter."

"But the thing that's give me real pain in this little matter is 't you feller sh'd 'a' did me up the way you did bilkin' the kitty last night. You know very well the kitty gets half when there's a sucker in the game."

"How d' you reckon I'm goin' to git recompensed for the strain you put on my back like that play crooked poker in my house 'thouten I gits half? More'n than, what do you all suppose I'm p'vidin' you with opportunities for, an' teachin' you all the fine p'ints of the game? You don't reckon I'm doin' it for your moral education, do you?"

"I ain't a sayin' I'm disappointed. Mebbe I hain't got no right to look for nothin' 't's I'm a set o' lowdown crossroads gamblers that don't know no better 'n to get caught cheatin' a yep I'm up the river that hain't no more'n two-fo'ry in his clothes. But what I am a sore, I sure am."

"Now, just look at what you've did. Here was two hundred an' forty took in last night an' there was a hundred an' twenty of it comin' to me by rights. 'Twain't honest of you to tell me you only took a hundred, an' 't put me off with fifty for my share."

"I say, 'twain't honest, an' what's more, I won't have no man 'round my place 'tain't honest. What you has to do, an' do

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